

# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

DEVOTED TO DOCTRINE, MORALITY, LITERATURE, AND RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE

We are Ambassadors for Christ... Be ye reconciled to God.

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## The Christian Ambassador.

Wm. S. Balch, Otis A. Skinner, and S. C. Bulkeley, Editors.

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### ADDRESS

*Delivered before the New York State Universalist Sabbath School Association, at its late Annual Session in Watertown, N. Y.*

BY REV. J. J. AUSTIN.

(PUBLISHED PER ORDER OF THE COUNCIL.)

I appear before you at this time, brethren and friends as the substitute for the brother appointed at your last annual session, to speak upon a theme dear to my heart—the culture of the rising youth of our land and the world. It is much to be regretted, that this duty could not be performed by the one at first selected, or, as the case now is, that it had not fallen to one older and abler than myself. But, bearing in mind the fact of my limited experience, limited ability, and the much that has of late been said upon the subject, and you will not be disappointed, if, in my endeavor, to refresh your minds with things that are old, I shall advance nothing strikingly new. There are a few plain land-marks before us and happy indeed shall I be, if, when I am done, but one soul shall see more clearly, and feel more deeply, and be resolved to act more faithfully, in the Sabbath School cause.

The subject of education, a true and full education for the youth of our land and the world, is proposed for your consideration at the present time. It is a subject, which has engrossed the attention of our people—which is agitating the public mind of this great State, and nation—which is heaving the waters of human society in the old and new worlds, with a deeper and still deeper, a stronger and still stronger, ebb and flow, and a subject it is upon which too much cannot be thought, nor too much said, nor too much done.

What passage of Scripture shall we make our text? What is the question, for every page of the Bible, interpreted in harmony with every other page, is luminous of this one truth. "Let my people be taught of the works and the ways of the Lord." Science and letters open before the world the great book of nature. The Bible is a truth-laden casket handed down from God to man. Those books contain a revelation from God complete in two volumes and are perfectly harmonious. Every page of these books is radiant of truth, and love, and happiness for the world. Education is not for one, nor two, nor ten millions alone, but for universal man—for the Universe of Spirits indeed. "Ye shall know the truth," is the language of Him who spake as never man spake. As the rain from the clouds—as the light of the sun—so is education for all mankind. Our text, then, if a text, we must have, is the Bible as a whole.

It would be superfluous to show, what few if any will deny, that if one of our youth should be educated, so should the whole. Man's elemental nature is the same, whatever his complexion may be, and under whatever circumstances he may be placed. Self, the spirit, the image of God in man, is that which receives education.

Is one spirit of more worth than another? None will pretend it. Then if one spirit should have its powers improved, by familiarity with the works and ways of God, there is no reason why all should not be improved in like manner.

There has been a notion, now obsolete I hope, that the youth in general may have too much knowledge—that a thorough culture is worse than useless decidedly injurious to him, who shall become the laboring farmer or mechanic—that it takes his attention from his business to his studies, unnerves the body, inflates the mind with vanity, and leads him to think he must "get his living by his wits." We state this objection to general education, strongly, that we may give it a full and fair reply—at the same time, expressing our doubt that it needs, in this age, any thing more in reply than a plain presentation. I am well aware, however, that a kind of education, and a kind too fearfully prevalent in the present day, may and does produce the result we have named. It is such an education as you give the hot-house plant—born under cover, unvisited of the breezes of heaven, tender and beautiful, yet transient as the snowflake upon mountain—it shrivels and withers and dies at the first rough blast from the north. So, in thousands of instances, is your mere scholar of the present age—born and reared in an artificial air, a face of lily-like whiteness, touching the ground as an unholy thing, its delicate fingers only formed for turning the leaves of a gilt-fringed book, kept at study in close confinement when the sky and air should ring with its merry voice—what could you expect from such an education as this but a stunted mind, an enfeebled frame, a useless life, and an early death? Like a wave retreating from the solid rock—not like the oak which towers above the storm—is such a fitness for the shocks of life. The objection made will bear against false education, but not against that which is true. Such an education destroys the texture of the body, and disgusts the mind with labor—that noble idea of labor, the labor of body and soul, which God appointed for man.

But such an education is far enough from the true one. True education should begin with the earliest childhood—it should first develop and mature the powers of the body—it should make this paramount till the body be fully grown—it should then continue a healthful action of the body, even while the mind is engaged in exploring the depths of science, art, and revelation—it should never permit a school to be kept, either high or low, without due provision for enough of physical exercise—and when one's school days are over if spent on a plan like this, they will be remembered as the happiest period of life, and a full preparation will have been made for the active duties of the world.

Thus will true education make physical labor a pleasure, instead of a disgust, and higher and better than that, it will store the mind of the farmer and mechanic with science, as well as moral and religious truth, and enable them thus to excel in their various pursuits. Who is the farmer of this age, that would not now give much had he been taught Agricultural Chemistry in boyhood? Or who the artisan, that would not now receive a hundred-fold benefit, had he been taught the principles of mechanics in early life? Or who the wise man, that would not have been made wiser by a full knowledge of the facts and laws of science? Or who the good man, that would not have been made better by the wealth of the moral Universe flowing in upon his



ted voice is sounding throughout the world—"Come up to the joys we have won!" Such is our ideal of pure self-love. It has respect to the real, the true and the good alone. It is our only measure of love for others, and as we shall soon see, it blends in harmony with love for our brother man, and love for our Father God.

But what do we mean by love to our neighbor? We mean by that, that we fix in our mind the highest, purest example of individual eminence, to which man is capable of attaining, as our model, and then labor to bring the whole of humanity up to the standard of our highest ideal. Whatever is possible for one, taking future duration into the account, is certainly possible for all. No one hopes for a second place for himself, among the future sons of God. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Self-love and social, then, are the same. It points to the great educational and moral and governmental reform, which is now heaving the elements of human society, in this country and in Europe, and says to the children of earth, in clear and emphatic tones; "Go onward, ever onward in your work!" It says to man and to woman, every where; "Break down the cob-web barriers between the sexes and make you equal as help-meets before God, in every department of social life;" and it predicts with a wisdom which is all God's own, the future deliverance of the world from the dark and dreadful thralldom of error and sin! Then does the love for our neighbor, unite with the love for self. The highest pattern for one, shall continue to blaze the highest pattern for all, and that pattern I now may say, is the Love fraught life of the Lord Jesus Christ.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

## THE APPROACH OF DEATH.

"When the designs of Providence are accomplished in us, an interior music prepares us, for the arrival of the Angel of Death. He has nothing of the frightful, nothing of the terrible. He wears white wings, although he comes encompassed with night.—CORINNE.

Whence comes this low, soft music in the soul?

From the clear, silvery laugh and careless shout

Of long departed joys, whose echoes roll

Back o'er the lonely and the rugged route

Which they once traversed but to strew with flowers?

Comes it from early love, (life's meteor light,)

That, on the snow-wings of sunny hours,

Hung wreaths of roses to retard their flight?

Or from her childhood's hymns, low breathed at even—

The heart's first gentle incense unto heaven?

Not from the Past—it comes not from the Past!

It is the herald of approaching fate.

The angel cometh,—He, the best, the last,

Cometh to lead us through the long-barr'd gate;

The gate that leads to an eternal rest,

Where sin can ne'er approach, nor griefs molest,

Should not his coming waken in the heart

Low bursts of music, like the voice of Spring,

When first the streamlets from their fetters start,

And through the budding groves like laughter ring?

Should not the soul, grown weary of the night,

With songs as joyous as the wood-lark's lay,

Greet the first herald of approaching light—

The morning-star of an eternal day?

He is not fearful—nay, the angel Death

In full of beauty, though a shade of night;

He wears upon his brow a starry wreath,

And scatters radiance from his wings of light.

He is not terrible; his gentle hand

Will lead us safely from our griefs away,

And bring us to that loved and joyous band,

Already gathered to the realms of day.

Five towns, only, in Rhode Island, have voted to grant licenses for the sale of ardent spirits.

Original.

## THE GOSPEL A MESSAGE OF GOOD.

BY REV. R. O. WILLIAMS.

So much has been said in reference to the Gospel, so often has it been discussed, and so fully elucidated from the pulpit and the press, throughout the denomination, that it may seem unnecessary to add another word on the subject. Still it may not be utterly useless. Something may be done for the advancement of truth by setting forth another idea, or, perhaps, the same idea in a different form. We are required in the promotion of truth to add "line upon line, and precept upon precept," in such varied phases as shall at length strike all minds and lead them to the embrace of truth.

Generations are passing. Their transit is very rapid. The aged are fast going down to the deep slumbers of the grave, and the young are rising and hurrying along, as if in haste to take their places. These must be instructed in all those things essential to their usefulness; and their characters must be formed and moulded for their coming responsibilities, or else virtue and knowledge will depart from the earth. On all subjects the importance of intellectual and moral training is seen and felt. Equally important is the duty of adding precept upon precept, on the great concerns of religion and abstract theology in our particular view of it. For these reasons, not only the Gospel but that great theological elements may be discussed, again and again, with profit to the world. Each effort may enlighten some minds.

The word translated *Gospel*—*Evangelion*,—signifies simply good news, or a joyful message. This is the primary idea, and the formation of all our knowledge of the subject. Whatever things may be added, the great fundamental point is a message of good to the world. It embraces truth, revealed or disclosed, which is important and joyful. Anything conflicting with this idea, must of course be excluded from the Gospel message. The Greek language, so rich in its varied shades of thought and expression, has another word used expressly to denote a bad message. Thus we have *cacangelia*, as the opposite of *evangelion*—the one signifying bad news or tidings of evil, and the other denoting a message of good. The word denoting good tidings is applied to those communications which God has made to mankind; and, of course, there can be no evil tidings in them. Any tidings of evil would doubtless have been designated by that word used in the language for that purpose.

The question what constitutes good tidings, need hardly be asked. If a messenger should come to any person and give information that a friend, or dear relative, had been convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, or of theft, and sentenced to the State Prison, the message could not surely be regarded as good news. It might receive that other designation—*cacangelia*—bad news, but there would be nothing joyful or blessed in it. This distinction between good and bad news, is fully understood in all the affairs of life. And to the question, what news? every one is in the habit of making answer, *good news*, or *bad news*, as the case may be; and the expressions are fully understood. Every one feels the contrast of meaning conveyed by them. If, then, a messenger should come and announce that one half the world had been convicted of sin and sentenced to suffer an eternity of intolerable misery, the tidings could not be good. Indeed, the most intolerable suffering is occasioned, even in this world, from the apprehension of such misery, or the fear that some friend or beloved one might suffer it! It is truly *cacangelia*. It should be remembered, however, that Christ came as the messenger of good news, and of course he was not the bearer of endless misery.

What then was the burden of his message? What



things did he announce? He set forth and elucidated, the great fact which had been an object of the far-reaching foresight of divine wisdom. "The Scripture foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham." An important truth was here early shadowed forth to the human mind,—the fact that God would justify the heathen. This was the pre-established purpose of God. It had been sealed from the foundation of ages. No one could dispute it, as a thing of prospective reality, inasmuch as the scripture had foreseen it. Surely it could not have been foreseen unless it were an established fact, which should roll up, in the process of ages, in full development and fruition. And because it had been purposed and foreseen, the good message referring to it, was sent to the world—the heathen should be justified, and all nations should be blessed.

Who are the heathen? The word denotes the *nations*, and *all the nations* as distinguished from Jews. This is always understood as its meaning. It was these nations, then, or heathen—all the nations of the earth—that had long been the subject of the divine purpose of justification. Thus, another prophetic declaration asserts, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." The same foresight of inspiration which beheld their prospective justification, saw, also, their bestowment as an inheritance on the Son. Christ was to have them for his own, not as an inheritance of sin, but of holiness and truth. He was to mould and fashion their hearts and affections after his own likeness, and bring them into his own image, as he was in the image of his Father. And hence he received them that he might subdue all things unto himself, and then deliver up the kingdom to God the Father, that God may be all in all. All this, fully understood by the keen foresight of divine wisdom, was deemed important to be communicated to the early inhabitants of the world. Consequently, the good message, *evangelion*, was announced to Abraham, in the declaration, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." There was no *cacangelia* here—no voice announcing the conviction and sentence of sinners to interminable torment;—no message of evil that would make the heart quake and tremble with fear. The message to Abraham was joyful, and it is so to all his posterity, and to all the children of Adam.

It is not probable that Abraham understood its full import. He knew there was a blessing to be conveyed in due time, to all the nations and families of the earth. He looked far down into the coming ages, and beheld, perhaps, a prosperous state attend his own posterity. Indeed, he saw far more than this—even a country—not the country from which he came, but a heavenly—"a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." He saw even all the nations of the earth blessed; but what that blessing was he could not tell. All the knowledge he possessed came through that pre-announcement of the Gospel, that had been made to him. It was good news, and of consequence, had no endless misery in it. All candid christians admit that this doctrine was not announced to Abraham and the patriarchs.

How strange, then, that people should think it a part of the Gospel! The very word *Gospel*,—the old Anglo-Saxon—speaks differently. It is formed from an abbreviation of *God*, or *good*, and *spel*, a message—God's spell, or God's message. How very appropriate the word! The message from heaven to men is God's message; and of course, a good message, announcing good to mankind. But what can be said of endless misery? Is it God's message? is it a good message? No one surely can call it good. The Greeks would have called such a message, *cacangelia*. And the Anglo-Saxons surely could not have called it God's-spel. If there had been such a word in their language, and such a

thing communicated, they would have called it *Devilspel*. To whom else but the devil is it good news? It is surely a terrible announcement to human beings; and if true, it would make even angels weep great drops of blood, more bitter than those which gushed from the anguished bosom of the Redeemer on the night of his crucifixion! It should never be called *evangelion* or Gospel. Its appropriate designation is *cacangelia* or *devilspel*! By this name it should be called. It is a word grating to the ears of refinement; but what then? no more so than the thing itself. If we must have the doctrine announced, let us call it by its right name. Let us hear it in its native deformity—no plastering over its rough points, or covering to hide its ugliness, or sugaring to make it palatable to refined tastes. It is a horrid thing at best, and terrible in its influence, bearing heaviest upon the most pure and tender, and delicate mind. The wicked are so far the children of the devil, as to have little fear or care for its announcement. Is it blasphemy to call it *devilspel*, or the devil's doctrine? It is surely not the Gospel. It has no part nor lot in that matter. It was never announced to the antideluvian world, to Abraham or the patriarchs. It was unknown to all true theology of early times, and even until heathen mythology became intermixed with the great elements of divine revelation.

The Gospel, then, as a message of God, was dimly pre-disclosed to the early patriarchs, so that they looked for the glorious age to come, and even beyond that age and the confines of the grave, for a better country. That country was set forth in the blessing promised through Abraham's seed. Old time never ceases its rapid flight. In the revolutions of its ages the period arrives for the Son to appear and demand the heathen for his inheritance as the substance of promise. The demand was complied with. All power was given him both in heaven and on earth—"power over all flesh that he should give eternal life to as many as the Father has given." All things were consigned to his hands. And he not only confirmed and elucidated the previous announcements of good tidings, but he set himself assiduously about the work of seeking and saving the lost. He put the ball in motion, and in due time he shall accomplish his work, according to the purpose of God, and the foresight of his word. He shall justify the heathen through faith. "As by the offence of one judgment came upon all men with condemnation; so by the righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." Here is Gospel indeed—a message of good to all mankind—a full revelation of that previous announcement made to the patriarchs of old. The same thing which had been foreseen, is here rolled up in the unfolding scroll of time; the heathen shall be justified; the free gift came upon all men; all the posterity of Adam; all the sons and daughters of humanity; unto justification of life. The work of divine subjugation shall eventually be complete. Good tidings of good are unfolded in the heavens, and we may rejoice in this glorious consummation, in a message so interesting and joy-inspiring to all mankind.

Southbridge, Mass.

#### EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

The restraint which accompanies obedience is indispensable to moral improvement. The problem to be solved is to make children obedient, and, at the same time, to leave them in full possession of their liberty; and, in order to give a religious character to all the acts of life, let children feel that, in submitting to reason, they are submitting to God.

#### SECOND CHURCH IN CINCINNATI.

We learn from the Star in the West, that the second Church in Cincinnati, though not completed, is in such a state of forwardness, as to admit of being occupied. Br. J. H. Campbell officiated there a week or two since, and the prospects of the new Society are quite encouraging.



# THE CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR.

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S. C. BULKELEY & CO., PUBLISHERS.

## THE UNIVERSALIST QUARTERLY.

We have had on hand for a week or two, the third No. of volume five of this excellent work. The mechanical execution is admirable, like all the works published by our enterprising friend, Mr. Tompkins. We are sorry that his exertions to sustain the Quarterly, are not more successful. There are ministers enough to give it a living patronage, and no minister should be without it. Every number contains matter of vast moment to all clergymen. The number before us is a rich one, though all its articles are not so labored as are the articles of some previous numbers.

The first article is entitled "Memory and Conscience in the Future State." It is, we judge, from the pen of Br. E. Fisher, of Salem, Mass. It is written in a very nervous style, and its reasoning is strong, clear and original. It is well suited to meet the exigencies of the times, and shows the weakness of the new views adopted by the orthodox churches. We ask attention to the following extract—

"A theory has been sometimes broached, in connection with this, which we may consider for a moment. An objection has been raised, that it would be cruel and unjust in God to punish men without end, for the sins of this short life. To meet this it has been assumed, that men would sin without end, and that this endless sin would properly merit endless punishment. We look on this also, as an apologetic statement of the doctrine of endless wo. Far from being serviceable, it is really destructive to the doctrine, as the following considerations will show. It is one of the dogmas of those who advance this notion, that after death all men will be tried at the judgment bar of God; and that, according to the state in which they are then found, an endless and irrevocable doom shall then be passed upon each soul present,—some to endless joy, some to unceasing wo. But if the theory of endless sinning be correct, those who, in that judgment, are sentenced to wo without end, incur that sentence not so much for what they have done as for what they are about to do—not for the past works of time, but for the prospective works of eternity. Moreover, as their eternal state is unchangeably fixed by the irreversible awards of this judgment, they are of course bound to sin without end, willing or not, and then because of that endless sin they are justly condemned to endless pain. A justice such as this, which decrees the sin, that it may be justified in punishing it, cannot safely be called in question by any who live under its shadow! Still, if we might be allowed to go a step further, it is matter for solicitous inquiry by what means these souls, condemned beyond hope to endless sin, can possess that free agency which seems so indispensable a condition of the ability to do evil or good—to gain merit or demerit. We are determined to speak out our thought; it is this: whoever plays this great game against them, uses loaded dice. Theologians may phrase it as they severally please.

We look on these theories as stratagems devised to accomplish that covertly, which cannot be so well done openly, or to state that circuitously, which will not bear telling directly. If this doctrine of endless wo is to be taught, or defended, the shortest theorem is the best and easiest; "God of his own choice, ordains some to endless misery, some to everlasting life. Shall he not do what he will with his own?" Here or nowhere, must this doctrine stand. If once it begins to apologize, explain, or justify, its days are numbered. The old system stood on the only safe ground. It had a sovereign God, and no excuses; sovereign over justice and mercy as well as over man.

Flimsy as these theories are, they furnish in one respect a cheering indication. They show that the repulsiveness of the doctrines which they are used to veil, is felt."

The second article is entitled "Our duties in respect to the scepticism of the age." This is from the pen of Br. Fay, of

Roxbury, Mass. The article is correct in its views, and contains many important truths. Speaking of creeds, he says—

"This prejudice against creeds probably arises out of their abuse, in past ages of the church. But let us learn to discriminate between the use and the abuse of a thing. Bad political constitutions have been framed and palmed upon states. Shall we, therefore, pronounce against all constitutions? This cry against creeds has become quite too popular. It is often sounded by those who wish to be considered liberal. A Christian, or a Christian sect without a creed! Why, a creed properly defines what is believed respecting Christianity. To say that we have no creed is equivalent to saying, that we have no faith in the gospel. To deny the utility of a creed, is to acknowledge that Christianity reveals no universal truths essential to salvation. This outcry against creeds we regard as detrimental to the interests of our religion. It is an indirect protest against its claims to divine authority; and one effect of it is, to pave the way to skepticism. It reaches the same deleterious result in another way—by divesting faith of its importance and worth. It has already become quite a common remark, "that it makes no difference what a man believes, if his life is only right." Now, this remark is founded upon a fundamental error—the error that a right life is independent of the energy of a Christian faith; or, in other words, that a right faith is not essential to a right life. The reverse of this is true. A Christian faith is essential to a Christian life. That it was thus regarded by Christ and his apostles must be evident to the most careless student of the New Testament. Religious faith is that inward energy by which the divinest powers of the soul are developed. A Christian faith is the power by which Christian character is projected. A Christian life, independent of a gospel faith would be an effect without a cause. Am I told that there are good moral men in community who belong to no sect and possess no faith in Christianity? I admit it. But they are greatly indebted for their morality to the good social influences by which they are surrounded. They are moral, not by virtue of any inward energy of goodness, but by virtue of good social influences."

The third article is made up of three poems, one a translation from the German, by Mrs. Sawyer, entitled "Omnipresence of the Deity;" the second "Beauty Unheeded and Unheeding," by Mrs. Monroe; the third, "The Deep," by Rev. E. Case, Jr.

The fourth article is by Br. A. D. Mayo. It is called "Theology and Literature." We must reserve our notice of this for another week. "The Unwritten History of Universalism," from the pen of Br. M. Goodrich, of Haverhill, Mass., is the fifth article. The next is an excellent essay on the "Permanence of the Pastoral Relation," by Br. J. G. Adams. We regret that we have no room for extracts.

The remaining two articles are from the pen of the Editor. One is on Br. Whittemore's new work, the other is on Slavery in the United States. Both are written in the erudite author's usual able manner. The review of Br. Whittemore's work contains a vast amount valuable information. O. A. S.

## FELLOWSHIP AND ORDINATION.

At a meeting of the Kalamazoo River Association held at Paw-Paw, Br. D. King was ordained to the work of the ministry.

At the Session of the Southern Association, held at Jonesville, Fellowship and Ordination were conferred upon Br. R. Wooden.

At the Session of the Maumee River Association, Ordination was conferred on Br. A. F. Root, and Fellowship on Br. Hiram Brown.

## BR. AUSTIN'S ADDRESS.

This excellent address, which we commence on our first page this week, is published at the request of the Association, before which it was delivered. We hope its length will not prevent any one from giving it a careful perusal. We regret our inability to comply with the request, that it should all appear in one paper. Its great length rendered it necessary to divide it.



## Foreign Correspondence.

## LETTERS FROM BR. BALCH.

No. V.

LONDONDERRY, IRELAND;

May 29, 1848.

BR. EDITORS:—I left Fintona this morning, for this place. I find it will be impossible for me to give anything like a description of what I see except in the briefest terms. But I have much to say of Ireland, the country Government, condition, and wants of the people. But my notes are too full to allow even of extracts, while hastening on my journey. I shall reserve them for future use. Suffice it to say, I left Killybegs, for Tralee, May 21. This is a considerable town for Ireland, with its barracks, jail and poor-house, of course. It is on Tralee Bay, but has a poor harbor, and does but a small commercial business.

22d. Rode six on a single car, to Tarbert, on the Shannon. where, after a dinner on "stir-about" and milk, we took a steamer for Limerick. An idea may be formed of the means by which the better portion of the Irish peasantry live, from what we learned of the people where we took our "stir-about"—mush made of coarse oatmeal. They improved one acre of ground, for which they paid a rent of three pounds—(\$15)—for their house, a poor stone affair, with a clay floor, no chamber, but a sort of bed room, two pounds; and for the pasture of his cow, the only one kept in a village of fifteen or twenty houses, thirty shillings; in all, \$33! For this he has the proceeds of his cow and what he can raise from one acre of land! He works for his landlord at 8d (15cts.) a day. He had been at work that forenoon from 5 to 12 o'clock, but had eaten nothing since his supper the night before. He sat down to his meal and eat nothing but stir-about and drank with it a half pint of milk. He went to his work at 1. If not there at the time his wages were docked one quarter. His work continued till 7. In this way he supported a wife and three children. Both conversed like intelligent and honest people. Their condition is comfortable compared with thousands we have seen. They were now striving to lay up enough to get to America, their only hope of a competence on earth.

On going to the Boat we saw a crowd gathered on the pier. On inquiry we found some girls were going to Limerick to take a ship for America. The parting scene was truly affecting. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, parting perhaps forever. A father embraced his daughter, and as the friends were weeping around, restraining his feelings as well as he could, he said, "Do not weep that she is going, but that we cannot all go with her." Hereafter I shall feel much more compassion for the poor ignorant Irish who come to our country, to seek an asylum from distress and starvation. Poor creatures! They have no means of knowing any thing at home, save to cut and pile turf, set and dig potatoes, and perhaps drive an ass to town with two panniers of turf slung across his back. There is little distinction here between the work of men and women. But more of this in another place.

The passage up the Shannon is very pleasant. The natural scenery is beautiful. But we have lost all relish for natural beauties in Ireland. The last best work of God is so oppressed and debased that like Milton's taint of Adam's sin, it destroys every thing else.—"brings death in the world, and all our wo." The Shannon is the noblest river Great Britain can boast. It is, in some respects, like the Raritan, though wider and longer. The shores rise gradually and are cultivated to the water's edge. The lower Shannon is in some places broad, and the channel crooked, but ships go up to Limerick. There

are old castles along the shores which add to the interest of a sail over its waters.

Limerick is a fine town, much larger and handsomer than we had expected to see, especially the new or south part of it. Its cathedral is a massive old building, erected in the 11th century. On the right of the altar, is the royal burial place, and the celebrated O'Briens, Kings of Munster, ornamented with the emblems of their royal greatness. From them is descended the Smith O'Brien, M. P., of whom much has been said in connexion with Repeal. O'Brien Barhoince, so celebrated in Irish history, resided just above, at Loch Derg, but was killed in the great battle of Clontarf, near Dublin. This, next to Dublin, being the head quarters of the Repeal excitement, the English have stationed here some 2000 troops in four barracks. The crowd in the old town is immense, families are packed in together in a horrible condition. We passed through one of the principal streets just at evening, and the scene baffles all description. We visited a "National School" under the charge of the "Sisters of Charity." There were present some three or four hundred girls, most of them barefoot and ragged. These scholars are furnished a piece of bread each in the middle of the day. The matron said it was not half a meal, but, in many cases, all they had to live upon. Four black and two white nuns were teaching the school.

We left L. at 7, May 24, in a Canal Packet boat, for the Upper Shannon. At Killaloe we took a steamer for Port Shannon. The Shannon, at Loch Derg, and the scenery around it is grand and beautiful, and in any country but Ireland, would be greatly admired. The shores are studded with numerous old castles, with which many interesting legends are connected, pertaining to the numerous and valorous conflicts here had between the different Irish chieftains. In the widest part, on a sweet little Island, stands the tower, near which were the "seven Churches." It is called "Holy Island." To it pilgrimages were formerly made, which were undertaken on a small scale, and for minor sins, probably.

The ride from Shannon Harbar, to Dublin, in a Canal packet, through a flat bog, was not very interesting, especially to me, for being lucky enough to get a chance to lie down, I slept most of the way. In the morning, at nine o'clock, we took the cars at Sollins, and were in Dublin in less than an hour. Spent all day in looking over the city. It is a fine gray old town, of some 250,000 inhabitants. It contains several splendid buildings, the Custom House, Four-Courts, Bank, formerly Parliament House, Trinity College, Queen's Temple, Castle, and numerous massive Churches. These I pass by to add that it also contains some miserable streets, full of poverty and wretchedness. Great excitement prevailed on account of the trial of Mr. Mitchell, a young man, son of a Presbyterian (Unitarian) clergyman, formerly of Londonderry, indicted for sedition in speaking irreverently of the Queen and her government. The streets, in all parts were full of soldiers and Policemen, who allowed no companies to be seen standing together, lest they should be plotting mischief against the stability of the British Empire.

26th. After a tour through a part of the city we did not visit the day before, we introduced ourselves to the Sheriff, by note, and gained admission to the Court room to witness the trial of Mr. Mitchell. I cannot describe what we saw and heard. The Judges in red, with gray wigs, Baron Lefroy and Lord Moore, Lawyers in black gowns, with wigs and bands like Episcopal Clergymen; Military and Naval officers; policemen, stuck thick all over the court room; the poor young man at the bar, who had dared speak the convictions of his soul touching the cause and remedy of the miseries of his country, a modest, intelligent, sickly looking man, with his wife sitting not far from him, an interesting and amiable looking woman. Every



thing looked new to us. But such a plea as we heard from Mr. Holmes, the brother-in-law of the celebrated Robert Emmet, who was tried and sentenced in that same room, for a similar offence, for loving his country too well! Mr. H. is over eighty. But a greater, a more powerfully eloquent speech I never heard. It was full of thought, argument, and thrilling sentiment. It told upon the audience. It drew tears from nearly every eye. Some passages were excellent, beyond comparison. Some sentences must have fallen like hot coals upon the hard hearts of the minions of oppression, who were giving proof of their fealty to the Queen by the persecution of honest men. Mr. Holmes used stronger language than that for which the prisoner was on trial, and the Judge called him to order and told him so. But he forced him to the point, quoted his authorities, and went on triumphantly. It was a great speech—worth going to Dublin to hear. At six, the crowds assembled in the streets to hear the result. News came that the Jury could not agree. The policemen and soldiers tried to disperse them, but could not. At 8 it was announced that a verdict of guilty had been rendered. A profound sensation ran through the immense concourse, and went speedily to every part of the city. We were in the castle grounds, just after. A young soldier came and told us that he had just been notified, but that he was very sorry for it. The soldiers were out in arms all night, but there was no outbreak, as military force overawes every thing here. All else yields to it. Even the sacred halls of learning, as in case of one of our States, are desecrated by the foot of the mailed soldiers, called there to help keep down the *will of the people*. But Ireland can never rise. It is too far gone. Its redemption is hopeless.

May 27. Took an early ride through the Park around the mansion of the Lord Lieutenant—a plain, comfortable looking building, nothing superior to some of the Republican gentlemen of our country along the Hudson. The palace and grounds are, just now, well guarded with troops. The grounds are spacious, covered with lawns, trees, gardens, and laid out into fine walks, through which the public are allowed to walk or ride. At the entrance of the grounds stands a monument of Wellington.

At half past seven we left Dublin, without any regret, by the Drogheda Railroad, for the North. The road runs along the Eastern shore, in sight of the sea most of the way. It passes through few places of interest. At Drogheda we took a coach for Ballygawley, passing through Ardee and Carriekmacross. At the latter place the streets were crowded, for near a mile, with cattle, goods of every kind, men, women, and children. It was "Fair day." The people were there for trade, to buy or sell, beg or steal. It was a wretched looking concourse, taking it all in all. Most of the women wore red cloaks or shawls—red having been the standard fashionable color from time immemorial in this place. From C. we passed Castle Blaney, Monghan, where are the usual appurtenances of an Irish town—jail, poorhouse and barracks, and also a small Catholic College lately built. A canal from Belfast to Enniskillen, passes by this town. Emmyvale, Aughnacloy and Ballygawley are considerable towns, that is, they have a fair proportion of low, dirty huts, well filled with ragged bipeds, who crawl out of them as the coach passes by. At B. we took a private Car for Fintona, which place we reached at dusk, which, here, is about 10 o'clock. We can see to read at that hour.

Sunday, we attended the "Protestant" Church, which here means *Episcopalian*. The house is modern built, the old being in ruins, except the tower, in which the bell still hangs, a hundred rods from the new one. The building is very neat and comfortable, much like many of our churches, except it has no galleries. On either side of the desk and pulpit, there are two large square pews with high curtains hung about on

brass rods, so as to completely enclose the inmates from vulgar sight. In them two rich families sit, and *humbly worship* the Father of all. The sermon was a very fair production in behalf of the Tyrone Orphan Asylum. His argument was based on the "doctrine of Universal love," which he asserted was the "foundation of all true religion and piety," without the exercise of which it was impossible to obey God or do things pleasing in his sight. The collection, I should think, was slim, for till the (earthen) plate came to us, it had no piece above a sixpence on it. The audience was respectable for numbers, and tolerable in appearance. The Catholic Church here, as in all Ireland, contains by far the largest number of worshippers. There is also a small Presbyterian Meeting-House here. A distinction is here made between a Church, Chapel, and Meeting-House.

We left Fintona, at 5 1-2 this morning, in a private Car, for Omagh, the shire town of Tyrone—a respectable town with usual attendants. Here we took the coach at 7, for Strabane, passing through Newtown Stewart. The road runs along the valley of the Poe, or Fairy water, and the Strule, Mourne, crossing the Derg and Mournebeg. The hills rise on either side in striking and diversified forms. Beyond them the Sawel, Sparrin, Slievernore and Munterlony mountains, rise to a lofty height, their sides covered with dark heather, and give great beauty to the scenery. Any where but here this would be called a most beautiful region. Strabane is a large town, and a place of considerable business. We here took the Railroad and in less than an hour were in this ancient and beautifully situated town.

We have just been out to take a look over this city, having walked around on the top of the ancient walls which enclosed it; been to the top of the Cathedral, visited a school, bought bread for a poor old woman, whom we saw from the wall sitting near a gate in a hand-barrow by the street-side, on which she is carried from place to place, by a miserable, ragged man and boy. She was eating dry oatmeal which she had in a piece of cloth. I slipped a large loaf into her hand. She looked at it with astonishment, and turned her head to look at me, exclaiming, "May God bless you, kind sir; it is more than I have had these many weeks." Turning away we left her, but as many began to gather around her, we took a position where we could see what was done. More than twenty poor wretches came and looked at the loaf as if covetousness was in their hearts. Pretty soon the man and boy came, and took up the barrow and carried her away.

The people in the North of Ireland, do not generally appear to be so completely destitute and wretched as in the middle and south. But the same general features mark their condition. On a few estates a decided improvement in the condition of the tenants is to be seen, which satisfies me that if the noblemen who own the lands would only study the comfort of their dependants and their own interest, to say nothing of honor and humanity, instead of squandering the immense income in London and on the Continent, the Irish people would have far less cause of complaint, and the English Government would be much less hated than it now is. So far as I can learn, one great primary cause of Ireland's wretchedness, lies in the tenure of the lands. An Earl, Marquis, Lord, or rich man, owns several thousand acres of land. His property may be encumbered with debt to near its value, but it cannot be sold by legal process. He lives away from it, and may not see it for years, perhaps never. This is rented to another person, at say, \$10 an acre, by him to another for 21, by him to a fourth for 22, and so on, each claiming a right to the soil and properties. A part or all of these may live in London, Italy, or any where but where they ought to be. The rents are collected by agents, who have no interest in the tenant further than his



per centage. In this way the monstrous weight of many livings accumulates upon the poor tenant who is doomed to bear it all. Now, could these properties be cut up and these noblemen be made to pay their debts, the land would soon come to be held in small parcels by a class of men whose interests would be blended with their tenants, and thus the prosperity of the whole people would be kept in sight.

Another reason of the misery of the Irish is the superabundance of the population. The soil is their chief dependance. They have not manufactories of any account to employ them. The immense water powers are suffered to run away unimproved. There is no business to which the common people can turn their hand. It is dig, dig, or starve. Potatoes were the only crop which could be produced in a quantity sufficient to sustain the people, and when these failed, starvation followed. I have just read an account of nine persons who died in Galway County last week of starvation. I have seen many whose haggard limbs betokened their extreme destitution. Should the potatoes fail this year, worse scenes would follow than those witnessed last winter in Skibbereen. Hundreds and thousands of these unemployed people, who have not means enough to go to America, go, at this season, to England and Scotland, to work a few months and save up a few shillings for the winter. Were there factories as in other parts of Britain, a partial relief might be found for the idleness and misery that now exist.

Derry is situated on a high, round hill, with a valley on either side and behind it, beyond which sloping hills rise in beautiful swells. The river Foyles washes the eastern side, and the Lough Foyles lies before it towards the sea. It contains about 30,000 inhabitants and has a few ancient looking buildings, the best of which are the jail, (the largest by far) the Court House, Cathedral, and Bishop's Palace; which, though within the walls has a large garden about it. On the hills to the northwest are the College, Gwynn School, for boys without distinction of religious belief, the Hospital and Alms House; on the North the Barracks and Work House. The harbor is difficult of entrance.

Well, we have done with Ireland—beautiful, productive, oppressed and wretched Ireland. My heart has learned a new lesson. I have seen humanity in a new aspect. I have read a new chapter in the condition of the world. I trust I shall profit by it. I have learned to feel compassion for a nation towards whose sons and daughters, seeking an asylum in our own noble country, too much harshness is exercised, too little forbearance shown—in whose condition too little interest is felt in a way to remove the evils grown up with them, and to prepare them for a new career as “the children of adoption” in our “land of the free, and home of the brave.” I have resolved, God permitting, to write a book on Ireland, for I believe I have learned something which may be said in a way to instruct and profit such as may read it. For this purpose I intend to return through those parts I have not seen—though Ireland is Ireland all over, as far as I have seen it, from the extreme South through the West, East, and center, to the extreme North. But the Northeast and Southeast possess some objects and scenes of interest. For the present, perhaps forever, I leave it, and without a regret; for my heart is too full, and my head is oppressed. My tears are dried for weeping, and I quit for relief, to give poor human nature a chance to regain its wonted course.

I leave at 4 this afternoon for Greenock, by way of the Giant's Causeway. My next will be from Scotland, and I hope to be in better humor. My health is good. Our French Priest left us at Cork; Br. Ryder at Dublin, Br. H. only is with me. Thus far we have made good progress, and our prospects are fine. We apprehend no difficulty in pursuing our journey on

the Continent, from what we hear, but shall know better when the time comes.

The weather has been dry and warm, but is now cold. We have none of our fine skies and beautiful days. There is a humidity in this atmosphere which, to me, is very unpleasant. The sun is obscured a large portion of the time by clouds. For this reason Indian Corn will not ripen in this climate.

Farewell for the present, and farewell to Ireland.

W. S. B.

P. S. Dumbarton, June 2. We landed in Greenock, the day before yesterday—viewed it well—visited the tomb of “Highland Mary,” gave a Temperance speech and went to bed. Yesterday, went up Loch Long to Arroquahr, crossed to Tarbert on Loch Lomond. To-day have been the length of the Lake, come to this place, visited the magnificent Castle, and now at 11 A. M., am scribbling this. I must give it up, that in some respects Scottish scenery surpasses any thing I have seen in America. It is our scenery crowded close together on a smaller scale. Snow is still seen on the hills. To-morrow I expect to get some of it from the top of Ben Lomond, and go to Loch Katrine, and see the “Lady of the Lake,” “James Fitz James,” and “Rhoderic Dhu.” Then to Stirling, Glasgow, Ayer, Edinburgh, &c.; till I have been there,

Farewell,

W. S. B.

#### VISIT TO HUDSON, N. Y.

Hudson is one of the most pleasantly located cities on the Hudson river. It stands on elevated ground, and commands a fine view of that beautiful and noble stream. Had its wide and straight streets shade trees, it would be one of the most pleasant places we ever visited. It has many handsome houses and fine gardens. It is a place of considerable business, and when its Railroad is put in good condition, and the Hudson River Road is completed, its business will be greatly increased. It has two Steamboats and several Barges, which run regularly to this city, all of which are well supported. We went up in one of the boats—the Fairfield, which is owned by very enterprising men, and under the command of a very gentlemanly Captain. Its accommodations are good.

Our Society in Hudson is one of the oldest in the State, and is composed of many of the best families in the place, and it has a full share of the active, influential men. Br. Collins, the Pastor, is greatly beloved and esteemed. The Society was never in a better condition, than at the present time. It has recently fitted up its Church in a very neat and tasteful manner, and has made it internally, as handsome as could be desired. The Sabbath School is large and flourishing. We were surprised to find so large a School, connected with a society not larger than the Hudson Society. The School numbers more than many Schools connected with our largest Societies. It has a faithful Superintendent and excellent Teachers. Br. Collins is a Sabbath School man.

In Hudson there is an Orphan Asylum, which has been established chiefly by the generous exertions of a few humane persons, that is doing much good. We found our friends there warmly interested in its behalf, and among its principal supporters. Its Officers are, Mrs. R. McKINSTRY, First Directress; Mrs. S. SEYMOUR, Second Directress; Miss E. PADDOCK, Secretary; Mrs. G. H. WHITE, Treasurer. Its Managers are Mrs. P. BORLAND, Mrs. M. MITCHELL, Mrs. J. JONES, Mrs. A. ROSSMAN, Mrs. J. CRAWFORD, Mrs. C. A. VAN VALKENBURGH. We sincerely hope that the Asylum will be generously sustained. Orphans should have a home—a good home.

O. A. S.

Br. G. G. Strickland has engaged with the Universalist Society in Saco, Me., and desires all communications intended for him to be directed to that place.



## CIRCULATE THE BOOKS.

We have long been of opinion, that a great work might be done for our cause, by the circulation of books and pamphlets, containing an explanation of our views. We know of several brethren, that have, by purchasing and loaning books to such of their partial neighbors, as could be induced to read them, accomplished much towards softening their prejudices, and bringing them to a knowledge of the truth. As an inducement to others to imitate their example, and as an incentive to greater zeal and faithfulness in this matter, we give the following extract from a letter recently received from Connecticut:

"A subscriber of yours, has given me some reading matter, written by Universalists, which has created in my mind an interest to become acquainted with your doctrine; and your method of explaining the Bible. Notwithstanding I belong to the Congregational Church, and as a matter of course, have always regarded Universalism as a dangerous doctrine, I feel willing to investigate, and not knowing just what works I want, to learn the interpretation given by Universalists, of the strongest texts in favor of the popular theory of 'endless misery,' a 'general judgment,' &c., I take the liberty to ask your advice, what works to send for."

In reply to our friend, we would say, that in another column of this paper, he will find a complete catalogue of the various works published by Universalists. To meet his particular case, however, we would recommend any of the following, "Ely and Thomas' Discussion," "Williamson's Exposition of Universalism," "Sawyer's Work on Endless Punishment," "Williamson's do.," "Sawyer's Review of Hatfield," "Whittemore's Notes on the Parables," "Paige's Commentary," "Cobb's Compend," any or all of which we shall be happy to send him.

S. C. E.

## INFANT DAMNATION.

While in Philadelphia, a week or two since, we called on a friend to solicit his aid for the College. We sent up our name as the Rev. Mr. Skinner, from New York. The servant returned with a message, that he could not see us then, but would see us at seven o'clock the next morning. Seven o'clock! An early hour! He must know that we cannot call then. He does not wish to see us. Such was our inference. We ventured, however, to give him a call, the next day, at his place of business, when he explained the cause of his declining to see us. He supposed we were a Presbyterian Clergyman, of whom he had heard, as having preached Infant Damnation. He did not wish to see him: for he had no fellowship for a man who could preach such a doctrine. We cheerfully excused him, for we thought his reason good. Infant Damnation! What a doctrine! What can be more horrid? What more incompatible with the mercy, and love, and justice of an infinite Father? We should suppose that every man of feeling would shrink from a Clergyman who could preach a doctrine so cruel—so derogatory to the Divine character.

O. A. S.

## THE ALIDA.

This is one of the finest boats on the North River. It is fitted up with great taste, and kept perfectly clean. There is no day boat equal to it on the North River.

## NEW PREACHERS.

The Star in the West announces two new Preachers in Ohio; E. Longley and J. Upson. They are spoken of as a valuable accession to our cause, as respects talent, character and education.

## MOHAWK RIVER ASSOCIATION.

Met at Middleville, June 14, 1848.

Two new Societies, (Stratford and Oppenheim) were received into the fellowship of the Association.

Voted, To approve granting a letter of fellowship to Br. J. W. McMaster.

Brs. D. Skinner, and J. D. Hicks, Clerical, and E. P. Voorhis and D. Brayton, Lay, delegates to the next State Convention.

Voted, To adopt the declaration of faith, recommended by the State Convention, at its last session.

Voted, To adjourn to meet in Russia, Herkimer County, the second Wednesday and following Thursday, in June, 1849.

The following, which we copy from the remarks of the Clerk, Br. J. H. Harter, and published in the Magazine and Advocate, we regard as very creditable to the good sense and intelligence of all concerned:—

"Davisonianism had not a single apologist in our midst, and it is hoped that it never may have. All the preachers of the Association present, cheerfully subscribed to the article of faith adopted by the Council."

## DEDICATION.

BR. BULKELEY.—On the 8th of June last, the new Universalist Meeting-House in Sherman, N. Y., was dedicated to the service of the one living and true God—the Friend and Father of all. Our Sherman friends, though few in number, and mostly poor in this world's goods, have heretofore manifested a zeal worthy of their profession, and deserving of commendation. We trust that their future course will correspond with the benignant spirit of their doctrine—that all differences of opinion, all minor considerations will be swallowed up in their devotion to God and truth. The exercises at the dedication were conducted in the following order:

1. Reading select portions of Scripture, by Br. F. M. Alvord.
2. Hymn.
3. Dedictory Prayer, by Br. Paine.
4. Hymn.
5. Sermon by Br. S. Adams.
6. Hymn.
7. Benediction, by Br. S. Adams.

May the blessings of Heaven rest upon our Sherman Society, and may they continue to labor in that cause which has for its ultimate object the redemption of the entire race.

T. M. A.

## A HINT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We feel truly grateful to those kind friends and patrons who have favored us with the prompt payment of their subscriptions, and which has enabled us to meet all demands that have been made upon us, promptly. To borrow a phrase from Wall street, the "money market is tight" now, and if those who have not paid will forward their dues to us at the present time, it will be a great favor. If no immediate opportunity is presented to send by private conveyance, send by mail, and the receipt of the money will be acknowledged, as soon as received. Remember, brethren, that "a friend in need is a friend indeed."

## THE TRUMPET.

This able paper has entered upon its twenty-first volume. Br. Thomas Whittemore is Proprietor and Editor, and Br. G. W. Bazin, Printer. The Trumpet is in most respects a model paper. Its editor is a strong and spirited writer, always instructive, and always easy to be understood. It defends Bible Universalism—not the Universalism of the Rationalist, the Transcendentalist, or the Clairvoyant—but the Universalism of the Bible. The Trumpet is always neatly printed.



## THE FOURTH AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.

MESSRS EDITORS:—It may not be known to all of your readers, that on Randall's Island are located the juvenile departments of the city Alms House. The Alms House proper, consists of two very large stone Buildings on Blackwell's Island, about three miles south of Randall's Island, in which are kept male and female adult paupers, numbering some three thousand. The children are provided for in separate buildings (in number) on Randall's Island. There are, at present, on this Island, 630 boys and 336 girls of various ages, from a few months to a dozen years, "presenting a most melancholy sight, when viewed as orphans deprived of the fond care of their parents, but somewhat relieved when we think how much better they are provided for here than if left to starve and perish in the streets and miserable hovels of our great city.

On the Fourth of July a few of our ladies prepared for them a festival, which, besides contributing to the amusement and happiness of these forlorn children for the day, also yielded a small sum of money to purchase for them a Library of Juvenile Books. The children were all furnished with toys, cakes, &c., during the day, and withal were cheered with kind words and manifestations of affection and regard from the friends who assisted them. Truly it was worth something to make these thousand orphans happy, if for but one day, and those through whose instrumentality the entertainment was provided, attended, as it was, with much cost of time, trial, labor and self-sacrifice, could not but have felt amply rewarded in their reflections at the close of the day, as much so we presume as those who sought pleasure and amusement amid gayer and more ostentatious displays. The managers of the affair are much indebted for the kindness and readiness with which the Commissioner, Moses G. Leonard, Esq., co-operated with them in their labors.

It will be remembered, by some of your readers, that two years ago a similar festival was attempted, but owing to the severe storm of that day it was not so completely successful as the present one. It was my pleasure to be present then, and it affords me the greatest satisfaction to say, that the contrast now in the appearance of the children, and all appertaining to their comfort and well-being, is, in the highest degree, favorable. If there are any of your numerous readers whose hearts sympathize in the condition of the orphan, the friendless and the bereft, they will rejoice with me.

G. E. B.

## HARTFORD CO. ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSALISTS.

This Association held its last annual session, at Granby, June 29th 1848.

The Committee on Fellowship and Ordination, reported that letters of Fellowship and Ordination had been granted to Br. A. L. Loveland,

The Committee on Discipline reported no cause of complaint. Brs. T. P. Abell, J. J. Twiss, and A. P. Holcomb were appointed a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination. Brs. Lee, Church and Camp, Committee on Discipline.

Brs. Abell, Loveland and Twiss, Clerical, and Clark, Utley, Rice, Allen, Thayer and Carpenter, Lay, were appointed delegates to the State Convention. Adjourned to meet on the 7th day of June, 1849.

## THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The first No. of vol. 17 of this literary and religious monthly has come to hand. Br. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, Publisher, and Rev. H. Bacon, Editor. Price \$2 per year. The Repository is neatly printed and ably edited, and as much superior to the common literary journals of the day, as truth is superior to fiction. It is a popular and useful magazine.

## ORCHARD STREET SABBATH SCHOOL EXCURSION.

Arrangements have been made to have the Annual Excursion of this School, on Wednesday, the 18th inst. The staunch and spacious Steamboat COLUMBIA has been chartered. This is one of the best boats used this season for excursions: it is roomy, neat and strong. The boat will leave Canal Street, at 6 1-2 o'clock; Pier No. 3, North River, at 7 o'clock; Market Street, at 7 1-2 o'clock; Grand Street, at 8 o'clock; and Williamsburgh, at 8 1-4 o'clock, and proceed to Glen Cove, where there is by far the neatest grove in the vicinity of New York. It is finely shaded, extensive, and is close by the landing. Arrangements have been made for a large number of tables and seats, so that the friends will have the very best accommodations that could be desired. The boat will remain at the landing during the day. Persons wishing to have baskets of provisions conveyed to the boat, must send them to the Church, before 7 o'clock, A. M. Tickets can be had of J. Y. Watkins, 16 Catharine Street; W. A. Conant, 12 Bowery; J. L. Sackett, 317 Grand Street; D. Collamore, 605 Broadway; or the Sexton, at this Office, and at the landings on the wharves. Should the weather be unfavorable, the Excursion will take place the succeeding Thursday.

A first rate Band of Music has been engaged.

N B. Dinner can be obtained at the Pavilion, by all who wish it. Persons who intend to have dinner at the Pavilion, are requested to give notice before the 16th.

## THE UNIVERSALIST MISCELLANY:

The first No. of Vol. 6 of this neat monthly, has been received. It contains an elegant Engraving of Br. Wm. A. Drew, which is true as life. It contains, also, a very correct Engraving of the first Universalist Church of Boston. Each number is to contain an Engraving of a Church. The volume will have another likeness of some Clergyman, probably Br. Sawyer. The following is the table of contents:—The Paternity of God, by Rev. A. G. Laurie; The Nature and Duration of Punishment, by Rev. O. A. Skinner; Hymn to Sunset, by Rev. E. Case, Jr.; Gospel Feast, by Rev. John Moore; Biographical Notice of Rev. W. A. Drew, by Rev. G. W. Quinby; Clairvoyant Sketches, No. 2, by Rev. Peter Benson's Daughter; First Universalist Society in Boston, by Rev. S. Streeter.

EDITORS' TABLE.—Dr. Dewy, the Editor of the Christian Register, Universalist Reform Association, Rev. T. S. King; Duties of Young Women; Circumstances Affecting Individual and Public Health; Reform Association; Memoirs of Channing; Installation of Rev. E. H. Chapin; The Love of Christ; Monthly Record.

The Miscellany is published at \$1 per year, by Mudge & Corlies. Subscriptions received at this office.

AN OFFERING ON RELIGION.—We have at last received a copy of Br. J. J. Austin's work on Religion. It is a neat miniature volume of 180 pages, done up in good style. It is composed of poetry and prose, and is highly creditable to the author. It breathes an excellent spirit and is well calculated to do good.—N. Y. Christian Messenger of July 1st.

We are very glad brethren of the Messenger, that you have at last received that copy of the Offering. Your humble servant in propria persona, left it on your table editorial, about the middle of May last, which was as soon as it could conveniently be done after its publication. It is gratifying to learn that its turn for notice has at length arrived.

A. W.

—Magazine and Advocate.

Very true, Br. Walker. But it was handed us to notice many weeks after it had been noticed in other papers. The fault was in our office, not with you

O. A. B.



## DEATH OF MRS. S. C. E. MAYO.

The following sad intelligence is communicated by Br. Co-nant. We have no room for comments this week.

Boston, July 10, 1848.

BRETHREN.—Mrs. S. C. E. Mayo is no more. She expired suddenly at her residence yesterday. Our denomination could ill spare so gifted a writer, but God's ways are indeed past finding out. A sadness is on all.

In haste, W. A. C.

## GERMAN LIBERALITY—DR. THOM.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the following communication, which was kindly furnished by our friend, Mr J. Morrison, of this city, July 1, 1848:—

The University of Heidleburg, in Germany, an Institution of about 600 years standing, and distinguished by the number of eminent men who have been connected with it, has just, in a very handsome manner, conferred on the Rev. David Thom, of Liverpool, England, with whose works on Universal Salvation, many of our readers are doubtlessly acquainted, the rank of Doctor of Philosophy.

Dr. Thom's work on the "Number and Name of the Apocalyptic Beasts," which is now in press, is expected to appear in the course of a few days. It contains every solution of the enigma, from the days of Ireneas, downwards, which the author has happened to meet with. Besides proposing what appears to the author satisfactory novel solutions of his own. The work, which will contain above 400 pp, 8vo., is being beautifully printed in Liverpool.

## QUINNEBAUG ASSOCIATION:

This body held its last annual Session in Willimantic, Ct., June 21, 1848.

Voted, To admit the 1st Universalist Society in Thompson, into the fellowship of the Association.

Brs. Greenwood, Livermore and Tracy, were appointed a Committee on Fellowship and Ordination.

Brs. Farnsworth, Fairman and Clark, Committee on Discipline and Inquiry.

Committee reported in favor of conferring Fellowship on Brs. T. Borden and Lucius Holmes.

Brs. Borden, Greenwood and Livermore, Clerical, and Kelly, Tracy, Harvey, Redfield, Clark and Smith, Lay, delegates to the State Convention.

Appointed Br. D. P. Livermore to preach the next Occasional Sermon.

Adjourned to meet in New London on the third Wednesday in June, 1849.

## FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The Universalist Press professes to be free, but is it so? Are not some of our Presses, with all their professions, a little fearful of getting too far from the "Orthodox?" Do they not seem to say, "What will the Orthodox think of us, if we exercise the freedom that some ardent friend of 'reform' and virtue may desire?" Are they not opposing the "spiritual growth," of the age in which they live?—a growth in the christian life?

Let us stop and enquire, and not be afraid to advocate doctrines that lie at the basis of human happiness and prosperity. Let us depart from every practice that is wrong, and every theory that makes us think in a circle—that circumscribes the mind—and fetters its progress in truth. If we must depart from the "Orthodox," to do this, let us be free to do it. This is the opinion of

## Miscellaneous Department.

Original:

TO ELIZA.\*

BY REV. E. WINCHESTER REYNOLDS.

Maiden with the thoughtful brow,  
Darkened by no shadow now,  
By thy kindling, earnest eyes,  
That mark high thoughts whene'er they rise—  
Be thy purpose firm and strong  
As life's pageant moves along.

Maiden, in whose rising soul  
Ambition's restless currents roll,  
By the hopes that nerve thee now,  
And write their promise on thy brow—  
Make thy mind a stainless gem  
To glitter in God's diadem!

Maiden, whose delight shall be  
To listen to Hope's minstrelsy.  
By thy day-dreams of delight—  
By "the voices of the night,"—  
Be thou true to childhood's vow,  
Written on a stainless brow.

Maiden, there is toil and strife  
In the march of human life;  
Flattery, with a lying tongue,  
Vice, whose horror ne'er was sung—  
Wrong and darkness, hate and war,  
Dragging on death's demon car.

Yet the ills of life fall light  
On the earnest, true and right;  
Only craven souls despair  
In the battle's ruddy glare;  
'Tis the low and evil bow,  
And forget their Childhood's vow.  
Maiden, when the coming years  
'Dew thy path, perchance, with tears,  
Sink not, murmur, nor repine,  
But keep strong that soul of thine;  
By these feeble lines I trace,  
Keep the smile upon thy face.

In the dark and rayless hour,  
Thou shalt find thou hast a power  
Mightier than the arm of kings,  
When the steel of battle rings;  
Thou shalt see it thro' the gloom,  
Like the cross above the tomb.

Maiden, by thy will I trace  
These lines upon thy Album's face;  
Eye of mine shall not behold  
Thine aspiring mind unfold,  
But as oft as these lines you see,  
Know that I remember thee.

\* Inscribed in an Album.

Troy, N. Y.

ELECTRIC CURIOSITY.—A model of an electric frigate of forty four guns, full rigged, with guns, men, life-boat, &c. has been exhibited in Buffalo. The model was built by Mr. E. Hurst of Canada—the motive power and apparatus by Dr. Albert Henderson of Buffalo. Electricity is the propelling agent, and her guns are fired, bells rung, &c. by the same instrumentality.



From Chapin's Duties of Young Women.

## MARY AND MARTHA.

is a peculiarity of the Gospels, that they present us, at a stroke, with complete delineations of character. A writer of fiction would have wrought out these personalities with elaborate description. A mere historian would have drawn actual portraits. But the individuals of the New Testament look upon us from the living page with all the vividness of reality.

Though we get, perhaps, but a mere glimpse of them, they are stamped in full relief upon our conceptions. One expression, or act, exposes their *spiritual attitude* and reveals them far better than any extrinsic representation. Even of the latter himself, we have no labored description. His moral elements are not concentrated for us in any graphic summary; but must collect them from fragments, each illustrating the part that was in him, and the whole unconsciously forming the symmetry of that character which is the exhaustless study of the mode of mankind. How little, in the way of formal description, is said of Peter; yet how prominently does Peter stand from the canvass! How distinct has the scepticism of Thomas rendered our conception of him! And how fearfully do a few glances of the artless pen opened before us the dark, lacerated soul of the apostate and traitor!

One of the finest of these momentary yet complete delineations is the representation of the two sisters Mary and Martha. They occupy but a brief space in the record, yet how familiar are the moral features of both, how distinct the peculiarity of each! The serene and lofty spirit of Mary, the anxious and busy mind of Martha. The one living in the excitement of action: the other in the repose of thought. The one doing; the other aspiring. The one waiting upon the Master with officious hospitality; the other sitting in teachable reverence at his feet. The season of *affliction* both felt the keenness of bereavement; the one kept her eyes and her ears open to the ordinary communications of the world, the other shrouded her grief more deeply about the heart, and "sat still in the house." In the *hour of deliverance*, both were filled with thankfulness; but the one expressed her gratitude in the bustling service of a feast, the other in the silent fragrance of the ointment. In short both were possessed of excellences for both were the friends of Jesus; each represented a peculiar order of virtues. The one manifested that *practical position* which mingles intensely with the realities of life, and readily lays hold of them. She who endowed with such a disposition will worthily discharge important duties. She will be characterized by tact and shrewdness, and a notable industry. She will ardently apply herself to the work that calls for her. She will fulfil her relations with an affectionate solicitude. She will animate all things about her. She will live a life of good service, enriched with the savor of many virtues, and she will be missed and mourned when she is dead.

The other sister exhibited the *reflective* order of mind. Such one always cherishes an ideal higher than any attainments. She performs all duties no less than the other; but she goes about them with a clear vision, and a sanctified will. They do not press upon her, and distract her. They do not encroach upon one another. They open before her in a beautiful order, and each in its season. But after all, her practical labors do not chiefly attract us, because she is herself so excellent. We do not so much notice her action, as feel her influence. Her reflections are noiseless because of their depth. Her charities wander abroad unseen. She performs unremarked agencies. She is a watcher and consoler. She refreshes all the relations of life by a gentle inspiration, like the south wind upon the coverlet. Let her heart may have been steeped in the bitterness of grief; and for the sacrifice of duty, or the crisis of sorrow, she is brave even to martyrdom. In fact she is one of those whose most spontaneous affinities are spiritual; and who constantly imbibe the divine life from the recesses of their own souls. She is more than she does. In her is the silent expression of an inexhaustible grace. She controls the issues of life, because she often retreats from them, and sits at Jesus' feet. While she lives, her presence glides among us, and makes us better; and when she dies, we feel almost ready to say that she has not gone but returned to heaven.

She who is characterized by those qualities of which Mary was the example, I have said will be no less diligent in discharging the practical obligations of life than one who belongs to the other class. I now add, that she will be better *prepared* for those obligations. She will recognize their *sanctions*; she will know why they should be performed, and their relative importance. Each duty will move in its proper orbit, nor interfere upon any other. Martha was rebuked not for her attention to household affairs, but because she was unduly and unreasonably attentive to them. Mary did not receive com-

mendation as neglecting these matters, but because she held them at their true value. She obeyed the call of a higher obligation. She seized the opportunity to accomplish a noble work. I say, then, that she who is like Mary will understand the sanctions of these every-day duties, will know their relative importance, and will, therefore, be better prepared for them. But especially will she cherish the *spirit of duty* the idea of supreme and immutable principle, for which all things are to be done or sacrificed. She will perform what devolves upon her from no mercenary motives, with no reluctant will; without a thought of shrinking or of compromise; looking forward to the great object of life, and upward for guidance and strength.

## HEDGE'S GERMAN PROSE WRITERS.

(JUST PUBLISHED BY CAREY AND HART.)

The German is a language, we believe, which it is a waste of time merely to dabble in, and most men, in these condensed times, can turn their energies to more account than in binding up a sheaf of years to be thrashed out for wisdom as expressed in another tongue. To such economists of youth and industry, however, it is very gratifying to be able to avail themselves of another man's pick from this far away granary of wisdom, and so get, in his own language, all that others acquire by mastering the foreign medium for themselves. In the book before us this kindly and serviceable task is done by an uncommon man; and with many thanks to him for our share of the benefit, we copy one of his beautiful translations from the writings of H. R. DER:—

How truly said one, of his friends: "Thy love to me surpassed the love of women!" Creation knows nothing nobler than two voluntarily and indissolubly united hands—two hearts and lives that have voluntarily become one. It matters not, whether these two hands are male or female, or of both sexes. It is a proud but irrational prejudice on the part of men, that only they are capable of friendship. Woman is often tenderer, truer, firmer, more golden-pure in that relation, than many a week, unfeeling, impure, masculine soul. Where there is want of truth—where there is vanity, rivalry, heedlessness—there, friendship, in either sex, is impossible. Marriage, likewise, should be friendship; and wo! if it is not, if it is only love and desire. To a noble woman, it is sweet to suffer for her husband as well as to rejoice with him, to feel that she is honored, esteemed and happy in him, and he in her. The common education of their children is the beautiful, leading aim of their friendship which sweetly rewards them both, even in gray old age. They stand there, and will continue to stand, like two trees with branches interlocked, begirt with a garland of youthful green—saplings and twigs. In all cases, a life, in common, is the marrow of true friendship. Mutual unlocking and sharing of hearts, intense joy in each other, sympathy in each other's sufferings, counsel, consolation, effort, mutual aid—these are its diagnostics, its delights, its interior recompense. What delicate secrets, in friendship! Refinements of feeling, as if the soul of the one were directly conscious of the soul of the other, and, anticipating, discerned the thoughts of that soul as clearly as its own! And assuredly, the soul has sometimes power thus to discern thoughts and to dwell immediately and intimately in the heart of another. There are moments of sympathy, even in thoughts, without the slightest external occasion, which indeed no psychology can explain, but which experience teaches and confirms. There are mutual, simultaneous recollections of one another, even at a distance, on the part of absent friends, which are often of the most wonderful, overpowering kind. And indeed, if ever the soul possesses the mysterious power to act directly, without organs, on another soul, where would such action be more natural than in the case of friends? This relation is purer, and therefore, assuredly, mightier also than love. For if love will lift itself up to the strength and duration of eternity, it must first purify itself, from coarse sensuality, and become true and genuine friendship. How seldom does it arrive at this! It destroys itself or destroys its object with penetrating devouring flames; and both the loving and the loved lie there, as it were, a heap of ashes. But the glow of friendship is pure, refreshing, human warmth. The two flames upon one altar play into each other, and frolicking, lift and bear one another aloft; and often, in the melancholy hour of separation, they soar, rejoicing and united, and victorious, upward to the land of the purest union, of truest, inseparable friendship.

\* \* \* \* \* Love was intended to invite us to friendship. Love is to become, itself, the most intense friendship.

I find its highest degree of rapture not there where as Herr Hemsterhuis says, Nature deludes us, with an instant of earthly union, (an instant which loses itself in mere surrounding want,) but in the first happy discovery—in that moment, be-



yond all description sweet, when the beloved two became aware that they love, and tell each other so, with such certainty and sweet consent, however imperfect and involuntary the confession. Why must I use the word, "tell." How poor! What can the dead tongue—what can pining language say, when even the soul-enkindled, fiery glance drops its wings and veils its glory? If there is a moment of heavenly rapture, and a pure union of embodied beings here on earth, it is this. So unlike that which pining enjoyment allows us! I know not what mythology of some Asiatic nation it is, which divides its periods of highest antiquity according to the manner in which men, while as yet they were paradisaical spirits, loved each other. At first, for many thousands of years, with looks; afterwards, with a kiss—a mere touch; until, at last, in the course of long ages, they gradually degenerated into lower forms of enjoyment. That moment of spiritual recognition, that betraying of the soul by a look, transports us as it were into those primeval times, and with them, into the joys of Paradise. Then we enjoy, with a retrospective sentiment, what we had so long sought and did not dare to confess to ourselves. Then, too, we enjoy prospectively the delights of the future—not with presentiment merely, but with possession. Yes! if one may say so with more than possession. The future can only unfold, seldom add. Often it detracts and diminishes, with every enjoyment, the belief in enjoyment. That first moment, is when Psyche first beholds the god of love, whom, veiled, she had so long loved. Ah! why, unhappy one! didst thou let the spark fall, and thereby terminate, for so long a period, all thy joys!

Certain it is, that those souls which are created for the truest, purest, noblest love, fear this moment of betrayal as their worst foe, and defer it with the utmost shyness. The female sex, which, in all matters, of love, is more delicate than ours, feels how much its flame loses with every enjoyment, and how, contrary to the nature of all other flames, it goes out when it breaks forth, and with every manifestation, weakens its interior force and blessedness. Shy and holy, they seek, therefore, to preserve the secret in the heart of the lover himself, as soon as it is made certain. And nothing is more easily made certain than this. The secret is profaned, as it were, if it but touch the lips. It dies, in a measure, with the first kiss, with the first sigh.

#### COLE'S "CROSS AND THE WORLD."

From Mr. Bryant's beautiful eulogy on the late Mr. Cole, we copy the following passage, descriptive of the Artist's dying work:

His last great work was the unfinished series of the Cross and the World, in which, as in many of his previous works he sought to exemplify his favorite position, that landscape painting was capable of the deepest moral interest and deserved to stand second to no other department of the art. Three out of the five pictures of which it was to be composed are finished, and in these we know not what changes in design or execution might have been made, had he lived to complete and harmonize every part of the design: but that design is one of singular grandeur, and was capable, in his hands, of a noble execution.

To the second picture in this series I might object that it makes the life of a good man too much a life of pain, difficulty and danger. The path of his pilgrim of the cross is over steepness and precipices, interrupted by fearful chasms, amidst darkness and tempest, and torrents, that threaten to sweep him from his footing, with no resting places of innocent refreshment, nor intervals of secure and easy passage after the first asperities, of the way are overcome. The most ascetic of those who have written on the Christian life hardly go this length. Even Bunyan provides for his pilgrim the Delectable Mountains, and the delightful and pleasant land of Beulah, and the hospitable entertainments of the House of the Interpreter. But in the third of the series I acknowledge a power of genius which makes me, for the moment, fully assent to Cole's idea of the dignity of his department of the art. That pilgrim arrived at the end of his journey on the summit of the mountain, that ineffable glory in the heavens before which he kneels, the luminous path over the enkindled clouds leading upward to it, the mountain height shooting with verdure under the beams of that celestial day, the darkness sullenly recoiling on either side, the ethereal messengers sent to conduct the wayfarer to his rest, form altogether a picture, which could only have been produced by a mind of vast creative power quickened by a fervid, poetic inspiration. The idea is Miltonic, said a friend, when he first beheld it. It is Miltonic; it is worthy to be ranked with the noblest conceptions of the great religious epic poet of the world.

It was while he was engaged in painting this series that the

summons of death came. An inflammation of the lungs, sudden and brief illness, closed his life on the 13th of February. On the third day after the attack he despaired of recovery at began to make his preparations for death. The close of his life was like the rest of it, serene and peaceful, and he passed into the next stage of existence, from which we are separated by such slight and frail barriers, with unfaltering confidence in the divine goodness, like a docile child guided by the kindly hand of a parent, suffering itself to be led without fear into the darkest places.

## Youth's Department.

JAMES LUMBARD, EDITOR.

Original.

### THE SCHOOL BOY'S EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY M. E. T.

I joy to see the sunny smiles

That o'er my parents' features play,

When coming nightly from my toils

I seek them at the close of day.

It raises higher still my aim,

To hear the guardians of my hopes,

With noble actions link my name,

And point the way that knowledge opens.

But there's a purer pleasure given,

Which lights my heart with holier love,

'Tis that my angel-friends in heaven,

My motives and my deeds approve.

Grant, Holy Father, thou to whom

For every gift, my thanks I owe,

That no distrust may cast its gloom

Upon my spirits here below.

Then shall each pleasure I enjoy

Take the bright colorings of my mind,

And I shall find celestial joy,

In being gentle, good and kind!

Smithville, N. Y.

Original.

### SUMMER AND CHILDHOOD.

BY M. E. TILLOTSON.

Summer has come with its many sweet and pleasing things to delight the curious and wondering child. Go out, my dear little friends, to your harmless sports, and refresh your spirits, amid the gifts which June, the most joyous herald of the year, is strewing around you. Every thing in nature invites you to enjoy this season of rejoicing, and to learn from it the pleasant lessons of benevolence, love and gratitude. Study these lessons, and your memories will hold them, as a mirror holds your images, and ever after reflect upon your hearts the smiles of gladness.

The fresh fragrant grass covers your path and overspreads the smiling earth; the bright colored wild blossoms spring up thickly among it, asking you to admire their beauties, and inhale their perfumes. The clustered violets and lilacs resound with the hum of bees intent on gathering their bonied treasures, and teaching the happiness of action and industry. Go listen to their ceaseless murmur, and watch their tireless toil, as they cheerfully commence the collection of their yearly hoard. Like them, let your duty be your pleasure, and the songs of cheerfulness in your hearts will lighten all the labors of your hands.

The orchards summon you to their quiet retreats, and promise ample protection from the noon-day sun, beneath their spreading shades. They are yet musical with the buzz of humming bird and bee, though their full robes of blossoms have fallen in rosy showers upon their carpet of living green. be-



There the lark and robin chant their morning strains, the bobolink swells his charming tune.

The clear brooks and rivulets flow merrily down the beautiful verdant valleys; now laughing wildly along some ledge, now gurgling among smooth white pebbles, and gracefully curling around some flowery knoll. Bathe your cheeks in the rippling stream, and reflect that its crystal waters, which now form the habitation of the shining fish that gambol and bask beneath them, once floated in the clouds of heaven, sparkled on the mountain tree, and gave life to the flowers of the vale and the rose of the garden.

Behold, that richest opera of song, and fairest gallery of melody, is now in all its pride. Its light leaves dance on the zephyr air, and every bough is a chord or a key in the many-stringed æolian instrument. Go, little friends, to its openings and windings, and as you gather the twig and flower, and revere your senses amid its freshness and loveliness, feast, also, your tender minds with the thankful remembrance that our heavenly Father has, for our sakes, thus beautified and adorned this blooming world. Wander with hearts as generous and kind to each other as are those of the gay-plumed birds that continually repeat their songs of pleasure, congratulation and praise around you. Their Creator has given them voices by which they manifest in their melodious notes, and he will reward you with joys purer and higher, if you will keep yourselves innocent and sinless as they.

You, whose lot fortune has cast in cities, those wildernesses of sin, I hope will be often gratified with views of the verdant world beyond the forests of spires and masts. O! what a vision-land must a city be to the bounding heart of childhood.

Every half day's ramble in the fresh, free country must be a jubilee in its walled-up years. The finery of show-rooms, gorgeous equipages, and splendid buildings, can but amply atone for the absence of the soft, cool breeze, and all the varied and vivid scenery of nature's unpainted landscape. The heart is the only source of true enjoyment; if that source there is happiness everywhere, if it be not no art nor money can afford it.

Now, the young world is all joyous and blooming, like the tulip bosom of youth. Every thing gives promise of a glorious Summer, and a ripe and golden Autumn. Be playful and sprightly, but let no sinful deed or evil act darken the prospects of your summer of life. Shun all idle and vicious companions, who would lure you into follies and surround you with temptations. Heed the admonitions of the aged and the precepts of wisdom, and like the springing flower, the waving corn, and the verdant tree, you will live lives fruitful in deeds of usefulness and goodness. Willingly obey parents and teachers, and you will find abundant reward in virtue's ways and experiences at rest. Love God and learn his holy laws, and the Summer of your existence shall be peaceful and happy as the sunny Spring-time; and in its mild Autumn you shall reap the sweet harvest of your early labors. The glow of righteousness shall illumine your serene brows, and beam from your eyes, no regret nor remorse shall embitter your measure of life, no religious love, nor disturb the blessed quiet of life's closing season.

Smithville, N. Y.

### THE CHILD AND THE FIRE-FLIES.

The dimness of twilight fell upon a white cottage and its measure of trees and flowering shrubs. As the darkness increased, fire-flies came and swarmed in the air, a shower of living jewels.

"O, how pretty!" cried a little blue-eyed girl, rushing from the cottage and spreading out her small apron to capture the winged insects. Two or three were imprisoned; and seating herself upon the soft grass beneath the high boughs, she carefully inspected her booty. Suddenly, her sunny face became clouded with disappointment; and throwing the dull-brown creatures from her, with disgust, she exclaimed, "They are not pretty any more!"

"Ah! my little one!" said her mother. "this is but a symptom of the more bitter disappointments that await you in life. Fire-flies will flutter temptingly around your path; but you must not grasp them but to fling them from you, and cry, 'They are not beautiful no more!' But, see, dearest, your released fire-flies, beautiful only upon the wing, sparkling now as gladly as ever. Such are the enjoyments of earth. Learn neither to prize them, nor look to them for satisfying happiness. Fleet and illusive as they are, they often illumine the darkness of mortal pilgrimage, and point our immortal yearnings to the paradise for the perfection of bliss."

## Secular Department.

### FOREIGN NEWS—SEVEN DAYS LATER.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston, on Sunday afternoon, at half past one.

The Steamship United States arrived at Southampton, on the 23d of June, in 13 days from New York. The Hibernia arrived at Liverpool on the 21st of June, in 14 days.

The Tribune has a complete digest of the news, but we have no room for extracts, of any length. In France, the Bonaparte mania is fast increasing, and symptoms of anarchy are being manifested. Blood has probably been shed ere this in the cause of Louis Napoleon.

A most startling Revolution has taken place at Prague—the first fierce spark of that enmity between the German and Slavonic races.

The news from Italy is discouraging.

In Ireland, things appear tranquil on the surface, but there is a deep tide of feeling strongly setting towards Republicanism. The leading men of the country, and the clergy generally, are out strongly in favor of a union among all classes of Irishmen for nationality. The crops are promising food enough for the sustenance of all the people.

**SHOCKING ACCIDENT.**—A number of men were engaged at Springwater, Livingston Co., N. Y., in raising the frame of a building, recently; at the same time two boys were wrestling near by; one fell, and his father, one of the men engaged on the frame, ran to his assistance. He raised the boy in his arms, and exclaimed, "my God—he is dead"; he had broken his neck by the fall. The startling announcement so shocked the men upon the frame that they let go their hold upon it; the timbers fell, and crushed six of them to death.

**HAIL STORM.**—On Wednesday afternoon last a violent storm of wind and hail passed over a portion of this county and city which did considerable damage. How far West of this city the hail fell we do not learn; but it passed over the centre of the town of Princetown, and in a straight line through Rotterdam over the city, touching a part of Glenville along the Mohawk. The extent North and South was about two miles. Entire fields of grass and grain were stripped as clean as if they had been mowed with a scythe; and fruit trees were greatly damaged. Several farmers wholly lost their crops. Fences, sheds and trees were blown down in various places. In the city a large number of lights of glass were broken. Many of the hail stones measured an inch through, and some were curiously formed, being a flat oval with a twisted cone on one side; others had the appearance of being pieces of broken ice.

—Schenectady Cabinet, 4th.

**A SECOND JOHN JACOB ASTOR.**—The Quebec papers chronicle the death of George Pares, Esq., who died in that place lately, at the advanced age of 95. He was born in Germany, Nov. 21, 1752, and emigrated to America when very young, in search of a livelihood. By his industry and intelligence, he accumulated the largest fortune in Canada. After the great fire in Quebec, in 1845, he remitted to his numerous tenants in the La Roche suburbs all their back rents, in some cases five or six years being due.

**TEMPERANCE ARRIVAL.**—On Tuesday last the fine ship "Amsterdam Temperance Society," Capt. Menkman, with a full crew, arrived here, in 53 days from Amsterdam, being the first Dutch Temperance ship that had crossed the ocean. It was in view of proclaiming aloud the principle of Abstinence for sailors, that this ship was fitted out and manned by Messrs. Jacob Post and Co. of Amsterdam. It was considered a bold innovation, in that city. It is hoped that the ship, now lying at the foot of Rector-st. will receive some attention from the friends of Temperance.

A letter from Mr. Alfred Gould, an attaché of the Cincinnati Commercial, dated city of Mexico, says:—"I have seen the deserter Riley at the Citadel, taken at Contreras with fifty other deserters, wearing balls and chains. They are to lie in prison here until the war is over, and then to be taken to the largest cities of the United States, with their heads shaved, and then to be drummed out. There have been about fifty already hung, taken at Chapultepec. These in prison are all branded with the letter D. on the right cheek."



**AN OLD PRINTER.**—We have in our employ a Printer 76 years of age, who commenced his apprenticeship of seven years in the King's Printing Office, London, in 1784—64 years ago He was a soldier under Sir John Moore at Currana, in Spain, in 1809, where he received a ball in the right arm. He was present at the burial of Sir John, and remembers the minutest particulars of the scene. He was also with the Duke of Wellington through his whole campaign, and lost an ankle bone by a grape shot in the battle of Waterloo. This old man, after all this hard service, is still one of the swiftest and best compositors we have ever known, and, though lame from his wounds is still able at "early morn and dewy eve," while younger men are wasting the golden hours in sensual pleasures or snoring them away in bed, to ramble o'er the fields and through the woods in search of wild flowers, with which he forms tempting bouquets for the belles of the village, or to gratify the wishes of some favorite little girl. It speaks well for the heart of the old soldier that the children all love him!—*Blackstone Chronicle*.

**THE CLIMATE OF MEXICO.**—The climate of Mexico is peculiar, beautiful, calm and serene; but the atmosphere has so much less oxygen in it than ours, that the whole economy of life is changed. The pulsation is increased almost double in frequency, and there is a want of that vigor and robust feeling which our climate affords a healthy man; and once reduced by disease there, it is almost impossible to regain health and strength. The mornings are cool, too cool for a man in a relaxed state of health to exercise without danger of taking cold, which is almost as bad as any other disease there; and the days are so hot that the rays of the sun cannot be borne without producing fever. The natives wrap up in cloaks in the morning, and retire at noon.

#### AN ALARM LOCK.

We have seen an alarm lock, recently invented by Messrs. Hurlbut & Wildman, of Danbury, Ct., which we are confident must come immediately into general use. It is so constructed that the bolt cannot move without causing a bell to ring, and sufficiently loud to be heard in any part of an ordinary house. The construction is very simple, and the Lock can be made about as cheap as ordinary locks. In turning the bolt in the presence of a gentleman who had never heard of the lock, he asked with surprise, as he listened to the loud ringing of the bell, what tune that was. The reply was quickly made, *the rogue's march*. If anything will make rogues' march, it will be the *alarm lock*.

#### NEW JERSEY STATE CONVENTION.

The New Jersey Convention of Universalists will hold its annual Session at Hightstown, on the 3d Wednesday and following Thursday, 19th and 20th of July. The Steamboat Philadelphia will leave the foot of Barclay-st. on Tuesday, 18th, stopping at Washington, where carriages will be in readiness to convey those who may go to Hightstown. It is to be hoped many of the friends in New York will favor us with their company on that occasion.

JAMES GALLAGER, *Standing Clerk*.

#### NORTH BRANCH ASSOCIATION.

A conference of the North Branch Association of Universalists will be held at Columbia Flats, the last Saturday and Sunday in July. H. E. WHITING, *Standing Clerk*.

#### BUSINESS ITEMS.

Br. Tompkins, credit S. M. Whipple, North Adams, Mass., \$2, for Quarterly, and charge to this office.

Also, Miss S. P. Brown, \$2, for Repository, and charge to this office.

Br. C. Spear, credit Mr. Marvil Merrill, New Haven, Ct., \$2, for current volume of the "Prisoner's Friend," and charge this office.

Br. Brisco, the Postage on the Books would be more than their cost. Can you not send for them some other way?

#### RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. O. A. Skinner will preach a Sermon in the Orchard Church, on Sunday morning next, upon retribution, in which he will examine the views of the Orthodox and the Unitarians upon that subject.

Br. H. Lyon will preach in Blauveltville, the third Sunday in July, morning and afternoon, and at Piermont in the evening.

Br. Bulkeley will preach in the Academy at Woodbridge, N. J., the 5th Sunday in July at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Br. Gallager expects to preach in the School-House in Jefferson Village, on Sunday, the 23d instant, morning and afternoon. Br. S. J. Hillyer will preach in Newark the same day.

#### DIED.

In this city, July 2d, Mr. JOSEPH HORN, aged 46.

Mr. Horn was a worthy citizen, an exemplary man, and kind husband. For some time previous to his death, he was deprived of his reason. During this sad affliction, all was done that skill and kindness could do, for his recovery. He was for several months, at the asylum for those thus affected, but no skill could restore him. He has left a devoted wife to mourn his loss.

In this city, June 15th, Mrs. MARTHA ANN STEARNS, aged 38 years.

Mrs. S. was a great sufferer. Her sickness was not only protracted but painful. She bore it however with exemplary patience and submission. Several of the last years of her life were devoted to the care of a feeble and suffering husband who preceded her to a better world, about one year. She was a kind wife, a good mother and an excellent woman.

In this city, July 5th, Mrs. MARY, wife of James Munro, aged 33 years.

The sickness of Mrs. M. was short but distressing. Her sufferings were so great that she was unable to converse. She was painful in the extreme for her friends to witness her agonies. She has left a husband, four children, one a babe of four months, a mother and sisters, to mourn her loss. In all her relations, she was faithful and kind, and will be deeply lamented. May Heaven bless her afflicted friends.

**OBITUARY.**—The following is an accurate copy of a portion of the report made by the officer in charge, on Tuesday morning, at the Eleventh Ward Station House, in the case of the unfortunate suicide of Mr. Powers:

"SUICIDE.—A man whose name was John Powers, residing at No. 589 fourth street, committed suicide yesterday afternoon by shooting himself with a musket.

"He came into the house about half-past three o'clock, and went up stairs into an attic bed-room, and in a few minutes the report of a gun was heard. He had tied a string to the trigger, so as to discharge the piece with his foot; and had evidently placed the muzzle against his heart, as a portion of his heart and lungs were found on the floor, blown entirely out of his body! He was a ship-carpenter and caulker by trade, aged about 56 years, and has left a most interesting family, of a wife and seven children, to deplore his fate."

We call the above a model paragraph—full of interesting facts, well related. It is fearfully graphic, and the painful affair could not have been expressed in fewer words.

This suicide is a most agonizing one, and has precipitated a large family into the depths of woe. We do truly sympathize with their affliction. At the time of the catastrophe, only a young daughter was at home, and running up stairs, she discovered the lifeless body of her father on the floor, with the bed and bedding in flames. With the utmost presence of mind and as the surest way of preserving his remains, she instantly set about extinguishing the fire, after accomplishing which she ran to a grocery on the next corner and gave the alarm, but could not be induced again to enter in view of the terrible spectacle.

The frequency of these sad occurrences of late, present a humiliating view of the moral courage of men under the weight of real or supposed affliction, but—

"Let him who thanketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall."